

THE
Triumphant CAMPAIGN.

A Critical, Political, Panegyrical, Poetical

HISTORY

Of the late **Active** Glorious

German CAMPAIGN;

To which is added an

IMPEACHMENT

Brought by the

H———*n* Troops in the Field, against
my Lord *S*———*r*; and the Design of a
MEDAL to perpetuate the Memory of our
CONDUCT.

Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua.

HOR.



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THE CAMPAIGN

OF THE LATE ACTIVE & GLORIOUS

HISTORY

OF THE LATE ACTIVE & GLORIOUS

THE CAMPAIGN

To which is added an

IMPERIAL



By the Imperial War Museum, and the Design of a
Mural to perpetuate the Memory of our
Conduct.

No. 1. The Imperial War Museum, London.



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T H E
Triumphant CAMPAIGN.

HOW enamour'd soever the Learned of all latter Ages have been of the *Ancients*, I can't help saying that they were a precise, starch'd, whimsical Generation in many of their Oddities. According to them, it was not enough for a Man to speak fluently and correctly, and even probably and truly ; but they required further, that public Orators should be vehemently and heartily in earnest ; and that they should feel all the Motions and Affections which they endeavour to excite in others. *Audeat, qui vult incendere*, says *Cicero*. *He who thinks to warm others with his Eloquence, must be first heated himself.* Most of these stiff, old-fashion'd Fellows were of the same Opinion ; for, according to *Quintilian*, *Primus efficiamur ipsi, ut alios efficiamus.* — *We must first be affected ourselves, before we can move others.*

Now, by this musty Rule, a Man must not expect to move his Readers, let him write never so movingly, unless he himself be first vehemently affected with the Subject he handles. I confess this would be a Hardship upon most modern Writers, who, not only are seldom affected before-hand, but who seldom believe what they write. Most of those who deal in Panegyrick especially, would suffer extremely if this old Maxim was to become general ; and above all other modern Panegyrists, a late voluminous *Author* would be most to be pitied. Would it not be a hard Case for a Man to be full three Months a screwing his Brain to *detect Faction* amongst the best Subjects and honestest Men in the Nation, and to justify a new Set of Men, who paid well, or promised lustily, and after all his Pains not to move his Readers, for no better a Reason than because he happened unfortunately not to be moved himself ; or because perhaps, he did not believe a Word of what he should say in their Behalf ?

But was it not the same with the Legion of the Panegyrists of the late Administration ? They were pampered, well paid, and supported, yet had they the ill Luck never to persuade or move. Their Pay-master gave much, and had more to give, which raised *Expectation*, a constant Incentive to well-doing ; yet was his Character always rather sullied than brightened by the Pens he employed : And why, but because they wrote against the Conviction of their own Judgments, and therefore were not moved them-

themselves. How could it be otherwise, if they did not believe a Syllable of what they wrote? Supposing then this to have been the Case of the Laborious *Detector*, how is he to blame? And would it not be a very great Hardship upon him, after cooking up so many Falsehoods to the best Advantage, not to be credited, much less to have moved his Readers to any thing, except a Detestation of the Perfidy of the *Praised*, and a scornful Contempt for the *Praiser*?

Well, if Men will attempt acquiring a Stock of Reputation, without tying themselves down to the Observation of stated Rules; if such Men, I say, will fail, who can they blame but themselves? For my own part, tho' I may look upon the *Antients* to be a stubborn Generation, I dare no more deviate from their general Maxims than from Truth, which, according to *Polybius*, "should be considered as a great
" Goddess, that will always take Care to appear
" in her proper Light, and that naturally triumphs over *Falshood*, notwithstanding the infinite Number of Persons that take Pleasure
" in her *Persecution*."

I revere this triumphant Deity with all my Heart; but must beg her pardon if I don't always pay her that implicit Adoration I am inclined to from my Nature: For there are many things I believe to be true, which I do not think altogether so safe to publish: Nay, I don't know whether I may not boult out more *Truth* in the following Sheets than I shall have Thanks for.

Aristotle

Aristotle, in his first Book of Rhetoric, gives ample and necessary Directions, *for praising a Man who has done nothing that he ought to be praised for.* — Now tho' I was under no such Necessity as the late *Detector*, to study those Greek Rules, because my Province in this Work is to praise those, *who have done every thing that they ought to be praised for*; yet as I may have Occasion to consider *whether as much has been done in the main, as has been paid for*, the Hours I employed in that trite Study, may happen to turn to good account. If, for instance, after having employed the whole Art of Panegyric in favour of the *Commanders in the Field*, and the *Operations of the last glorious Campaign*, it should be doubted, whether the Services perform'd, and the Advantages gain'd, have been adequate to the *Millions expended*; to whom but to so skilful a Quibbler as the *Stagirite* can I have recourse? How would it be possible for me to extricate myself, or do Honour to the Cause I maintain, but by recurring to the Subtleties of his *Ars rethorica*, which teaches to *praise those, who have done nothing that they ought to be praised for*? That is, in other words, to account plausibly for the vast *Treasure laid out this Campaign*, without saying a Syllable of *Services or Advantages*.

Quintilian, whom I named before, says, that in Works of Eloquence, there are some things which ought not to be brought to Light, whether, because it would be improper to disclose them, or that it would be impossible to express them

them with suitable Dignity. *Quid non in Oratione operienda sunt quædam? sive ostendi non debent, sive exprimi pro dignitate non possunt.* Therefore with regard to the mighty Services perform'd by our Army this Campaign, or the Advantages accruing to the Nation from the Millions expended this, and the last Year, on the Continent, I will observe a profound Silence. There is no Reason that I should expose either myself, or my Heroes, since I have so good Authority for Silence. I had rather say nothing, than say too little, as I must if I attempted to enumerate the Benefits arising from the late Politics of our Statesmen, and Skill of our Generals. And herein am I justified, by no less Authority than that of *Salust*, who, rather than say too little of Carthage, chose to say nothing at all.—*Nam de Carthagine tacere satius, puto quam parum dicere.*

But should the Public insist to be gratified with a regular Narrative of the Items to be set against the monstrous Expences they have been put to, since our Heroes have taken it into their wise Heads to shew forth on the Banks of the Rhine, what can I say to them? This same Public, is composed of an honest sort of People as any in the World; it would be pity to deceive them; and besides, they so willingly burden'd themselves to enable our Heroes to make a Figure abroad, that they really have a sort of right to know what has been done for them, if any thing. To tell them the whole Truth, may not be proper, according to *Quintilian*, and not
to

to say enough, would be as bad, according to *Salust*; and yet somewhat is due to them who work and sweat to support the *Pomp of War*. But why should I pay greater Deference, or wish these same useful *People* better than our *New Ministers*, whom one would think *Congreve* had in View, when he made a *Minister*, that had been a loud professing *Patriot*, say, that they were ———

*The Steps on which we tread to rise and reach
Our Wish; and that obtain'd, Down with the
Scaffolding.*

————— *They've serv'd their End,
And are like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.*

A hard Sentence, I confess; but being passed by our Superiors, why should I, that am but a private Person, attempt repealing it? I may however be allowed to lament the fallen Condition of a brave, upright *People*, who have brought themselves into Contempt for being over credulous. Alas! how insulted are they by the late ministerial *Apologist*, for not thinking better of those, who now treat them as *Scaffolding* and *Lumber*, than they deserve! But leaving the *Injured* and *Injurers*, the *People* and the *Ministers*, to make up their Differences, let me proceed to my Work!

Though none of the *Literati* be readier to pay Veneration to the Memory of Mr. *Addison*, than I am, yet could I never pardon his Indolence, in not beginning his inimitable Poem,
the

the *Campaign*, before he was adjured to it by my Lord *Halifax*. I am sensible, that his uncommon *Modesty* may be pleaded in his Behalf on this Occasion ; but tho' this likewise might be a Plea for my Silence as well as his, till his *Modesty* was overcome by a civil Message from the Treasurer *Godolphin*, yet so sensibly am I affected with the Prowess and Exploits of our Generals and Troops, that I could not for my Blood, hold out till a like feeling Message came to me. I begin then, without further Introduction, to paint the Skill and Valour of our Chiefs, and Horrors of the War. — The Critics know that a Prose-Writer may be poetical, as well as a Gingle ; therefore I expect they will spend none of their precious Minutes in dissecting my *Licentia Prosaica*. Whether or no I *paint* or *describe* the Skill and Courage of our Generals, and the Horrors of *Dettingen*, what is it to them ? All they have a Right to expect from me is *Truth*, and that they shall have as much as I can, and as far as I dare.

The Poets have a mighty Advantage over us Prose-Writers, in that they may lie without Blushing, and praise without Merit. If I should attempt in Prose, to praise the *H—— Confectioner* for his unparallel'd *Courage* and *Conduct* in the *Rear* of the Army, on the important Day, when so large a Wood of Lawrel was gather'd by our Generals on the Banks of the *Mayn*, what would the Critics say of me ? They would put me upon the Proof of all I asserted, and by that Means, strip poor Count *Il—n* of

all my prosaical Decorations. But in Verse it would be quite otherwise ; for whether true or false, Rhime makes such an Impression, that some of the Trappings always remain with the *Hero*, how little soever he may have deserved. For instance, should I metamorphose myself into a *H——n*, as Poets have a Liberty of being what they please, I might say ——

*Great Thanks, O Captain, great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice :
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To T——, to him who made those Arms his Choice.
Ne'er was Greek so renown'd, nor Roman Knight
In Characters like thine did e're his Acts indite.
In view of all the Horrors of the War,
Your high Commands were issued from the Rear,
Which Post you took to cut off all Retreat,
From the flying Squadrons of Albion's Sons, &c.*

How glorious and spacious a Field is here, if my jadish Muse would but new-tip my Pen every now and then ; but in spite of my Ambition, she will reduce me to my primitive Prose. Who can help Dame-Nature, if she won't permit a Man to be what she never cut him out for ? Let the *Laureat* then, who is paid for it, chant in Odes and Madrigals, the Wonders of the last Campaign ; be it my humbler Province to relate them in homely Prose. But why should not I, like more able Poets, write Notes upon those few Verses I hammer'd out against the Grain of Nature. Many Reasons

sons should induce me to undertake the last. First, I should account, for my personating a *Hanoverian*; secondly, for celebrating Count *I—n*, before my Lord *S—r*, or the Duke *D'A—g*; and lastly, for attempting an unjust Reproach on the Valour of my own Countrymen.

I had many Motives for appearing to be of a Country, which is eased and cherished far beyond this unhappy Land of my Nativity; but my principal Motive was, that I could not with any Kind of Propriety, offer the *Thanks* of my own Country, when no Favours had been done her, and where she had reaped neither Honour nor Advantage. But the Case is otherwise with the darling *E—r*. By the *Campaign*, short as it was, *H—r* has touch'd, in the Pay of her Troops, and the Expences of the *C—t*, near a *Million* of our Money; she had the Honour of having her *Orange* preferred to *Old England's Scarlet*, and she is in as fair a Way of gaining by the Bustle, as *England* is sure to lose by it. — Here then are Motives more than enow to justify my having personated the *Hanoverian*; but might I not to be excused endeavouring to make my Court and Fortune too as well as my Betters? Why might not a *Grubbean* be excused for turning his Coat, as well as a Legislator, or *P—y C—r*?

As for my adopting the *Court* for my Hero, preferable to the other *Veldt-Marshals* in the Field, besides his being a peculiar *Favourite*, a Creature, according to *Buffy Rabutin*, which is

often ingender'd about Courts, without Merit, his being intrusted with the *Conservation* of all that's dear to his happy Countrymen, on that auspicious Day of Terrors, entitles him beyond those other Chiefs, who, when in the less exposed *Front*, had only themselves to take Care of; I have now cleared the Way to the third and last Objection, which is, that the *Count* and — had chosen the *Rear*, not so much for being the Post of Honour, as for being a necessary Post to prevent any precipitate, shameful Retreat, which our *British* Troops might be inclined to make, to avoid the Storm.—Now, I don't say directly, that the Sons of *Albion* made any such ignominious Retreat, tho' what has been published (if true) of a certain Corps of *B——s* might justify the Charge; I only insinuated, that this might be the Reason, because, except a much worse, I could give no other, even had *Colley* lent me his *Pegasus*.

I cannot help thinking that my wise *Hero*, in taking Post in the *Rear*, had read Monsieur *Voiture's* Advice to the Prince of *Conde*, who never would set others berwixt him and Danger; but be that as it will, if it has not been read, it has been prudently followed.

*C'est injustiment que la vie
Fait le plus petit de vos soins;
D'es qu'elle vous sera ravie
Vous du vaudriez de Moitié moins,
Soit Roy, soit Prince, ou Conquerant,
On de chet bien bien fort en Mourant :*

Cet

*Cet Respect, cette Deference ;
 Cette foule qui suit vos pas,
 Soute cette vaine apparence
 Au Tombeau ne vous suivront pas.
 Quoique vostre esprit propose ;
 Quand votre Course sere chose
 Ou vous abandonera fort ;
 Et Seigneur, c'est fort peu de chose
 Qu'un Demi-dieu grand il est mort.*

When it comes from so good Authority, as Monsieur *Voiture's*, whose Works are in most Hands, that *Heroes and Demi-Gods* are very silly Things when once dead, who can blame the Count for posting himself in the Rear to preserve Life, which alone gives him any Value, or perhaps Respect.

'Tis strange that a Man can't sit this flying Nag ever so few Moments, but he carries him out of his Road. I no sooner attempted to sing the Count's Praises in Verse, but I was hurried from my Purpose, which was, to give the Public a regular panegyrical History of the last Campaign. Instead of opening it with the Spring, I made an irregular Stride to *Dettingen*, which our Troops had not reach'd till the Middle of the Summer : — But I will make the Reader Amends, by serving him up another French Dish upon the Subject of Writing a History, so rich and fertile in Events, as that which I undertook to write.

*Ou nous promet l'Histoire, & c'est un haut project.
I' attends beaucoup de l'Art, beaucoup plus du
Sujet.*

*Il est riche, il est vaste, il est plain de Noblesse :
Il me feroit trembler pour Rome, & pour le Grece.*

So rich and fertile in great Events was the last Campaign, that one has little more to do, than taking up the Flowers, and putting them in order in his Historical Flower-pot. During the whole Summer, all was Life, all was Action; it was a continued Chain of Wonders; or, as the *Gascon* said of one of *Louis XIVth's Campaigns*, Miracles came so thick upon one another's Heels, that his Majesty's Horse, by stumbling over them, had like to have thrown his Rider.—Of such Mishhap, however, there was no great Danger during the Campaign I am celebrating; for on the only Day on which a War-Horse might be said to be useful, the bounding Creature was laid aside for the easier Carriage, a *Coach*; or, to trudge it on the manly Hoof, for greater Exercise. Wherefore, tho' we can't say our *H——n Hero*, the *Count*, as *Addison* said of his *English* Champion, that he rid in the Whirl-wind to direct the Storm,—yet may we say with equal Truth, that, more out of Regard to the Happiness of those under his Command, than his own *Safety*,—he humbly descended to avoid the Storm.

Here, I am sure to have the Critics on my Side, *Humility* being, without any doubt, an Epithet more suitable to our Notions of an
Angel

Angel of Light, than *Pride*, which (with Submission to Mr. *Addison*) was that, we must suppose he intended by mounting his *Angel* upon a Cloud on the Day of Battle. 'Tis true, Poets have an Act of *Parnassus* for taking Liberties which Orators have not; but this Law, however, is not without some negative Clauses: A Writer may not flatly contradict *Truth* in Verse, any more than in Prose; nor may he directly contradict or shock Mother Nature. This is not less a Truth now, than two thousand Years ago, when *Horace*, tho' he admitted all the Privileges claimed by the inspired Swillers of the sacred Spring, yet absolutely refused them that of flying directly in Nature's Face.

Picloribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vi-
cissim:
Sed non ut placidis cocant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

We have already had three or four poetical Attempts to celebrate the Wonders of *Dettin-gen*, whereby 'tis obviously perceivable, that the daring Author had never consulted *Horace's Ars Poetica*; and as I apprehend the *Laureat* will soon attempt Singing the Miracles of that wonderful Day, over again, I would recommend to him the serious Perusal of that most instructive Piece, of the most instructive Poet that ever wrote: Should he not care to torture his Brain with

with the Original, let him have Recourse to its *Torturers*, of which there are great Variety in his Mother-Tongue.—What a troublesome Generation are the Poets? One can scarce ever be able to shake them off, when once they lay hold of a Man's Thoughts; but go they shall, and even dear *Horace* along with them, whilst I attempt alone to deck the Temples of my *Hero* with prosaical Laurels.

The last glorious Campaign, so prolifick in great Events, was not the Result of sudden or fortuitous Thought; but of long and slow Deliberation, and mature and deep Reflection: Our Statesmen had a distant View of it, when first it was resolv'd to embark Troops for *Flanders*: But when *Maillebois* turn'd his *Rear* upon the *Electorate*, to go to the Succour of his Brothers coop'd up at *Prague*, *Alsace* and *Lorraine* were already torn from *France*. Our credulous Brethren of this Isle thought *Dunkirk* was in view, when the *Count* and his *Troops*, who did us the Honour to accept of our Pay, had cross'd the *Rhine*, and bent their March to the *Netherlands*: But how unacquainted were we with the *Profundity* of our principal *Statesman's* Schemes? This Great Man, who deserves so well of his Country, for the late Pomp and Figure of our Arms,——

*In Climes, where never British Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or sounded his Alarms.*

This indulging Servant, I say, saw his Country
might

might become a Principal instead of an Auxiliary, if we attacked *France* for her Breach of the most principal Article of the Treaty of *Utrecht*: He knew likewise, that *Dunkirk* was defenceless at that Time; and that it would be unpolite to attack a People before they should be prepared to receive us: But he knew best of all, that it would much better answer his own Purpose, and, perhaps, that of his M—r too, to put his Country to all the Expence of War, rather than enter actually and seriously into one.

We, who are not in the Secret of Affairs, may look upon the Re-establishment of *Dunkirk* to be of the utmost Consequence to the Liberty and Commerce of these Nations; but with us upon the great Stage of Life, and those behind the mysterious Curtains of the Cabinet, Things often appear in quite different Lights. We may think that the intire Destruction of the Works and Harbour of *Dunkirk*, would answer the End of our vast Expence better than Conquests on the *Rhine*; but the *Master*, who moves the Puppets from behind the Curtain, may not find his own Account so well in a near as in a distant Scene: Perhaps too, a greater Man than he may have expected to be indulged in the laudable Ambition of making a Figure in his own Country; be that as it will, 'tis to the *Address* of the one, and *high Courage* of the other, that we are indebted for the late matchless Campaign.

Our *Puppet-Master* is certainly a Man of Address, and without doubt, no Man has less of the Slothful about him than himself; so much he hates that Vice, that, rather than be idle, when the Business of his Function is over, he will sit down to tell Tales, crack Jokes, and toss Glasses 'till the Peep of Day: We never had a M——r with Qualifications so well adapted to the Genius of the *Nation*, to whom he has implicitly devoted himself.—How else could the *Campaign* end but gloriously, when our Councils were directed and our Troops were commanded by Men of uncommon Strength of *Brain*? He who can bear *six Bottles*, and hug them every Night, may well be deem'd one of a strong Herd.—I am sensible, that your squeamish, sober Fellows, won't be persuaded but that your *Six-Bottle* Men are rather Wrong-headed, than *Strong-headed*; and this, I suppose, was the late Prince *Eugene's* Reason for never trusting our *Six-Bottle* General, where *Reflection* was as necessary as Courage; but there is no accounting for the Prejudices of Water-Drinkers, such as the Prince was.

Let her Majesty of *Hungary* look to her General; but as for the S——y, my Life for it, he minds his own Interest, whether d——k or sober. Should his M—— have a mind to make a Figure next Summer at the other Extremity of the *Empire*, I'll answer that the *Statesman* will bend to his Will like a Reed. He is composed of the most *pliant*, and consequently the fittest Mettle for a Courtier that
 ever

ever was. No *Barbary* Gold more ductile. To him nothing is too harsh, nothing too humble, nothing too difficult, provided he be permitted to hold the Helm. Such was his immediate Predecessor, who yet experienced the Instability of the Element he was placed in. The Court is a flattering, but inconstant Sea, where many are Shipwreck'd when they least think it. Yet tho' this be universally admitted, how few are they that steer by the never-erring Lights of *Virtue*, whilst they swim before the Tide of good Fortune.

*Lorsque sur cette mer on vogue à plaines voiles,
Qu'on croit avoir pour soy les vents & les étoiles,
Il est bien malaisé de régler ses desirs ;
Le plus sage s'endort sur la foi des Zephirs.*

But leaving our ductile *Statesman* to his future Destiny, we proceed to point out the Refinements of his superior Genius in his Plan of Operations for the *Campaign*. The *British* Troops set out from the *Netherlands* for *Germany* early in the Spring, unprovided and alone, because, I suppose, they alone might have the Honour of being attack'd by the *French* upon their March, or the Pleasure of suffering greater Hardships than the *Electorate* Troops, who remain'd snug in Quarters till the Sun had shown his Beams less obliquely. Even so early as the Spring did that *Partiality* shoot forth, which in the Summer grew to so monstrous a Height, as to be perceivable by all *Europe*. At last, my

Hero, the *Count*, moves on with his cherish'd *Northerns*, and joins our fatigued *Britons* on the Banks of the *Mayne*, where, as has been already observed, he gave distinguish'd Proofs of his over-flowing Courage.

With regard to this painful March from the *Netherlands*, and that of the *Count's* thither, the Autumn before, there occur many Difficulties ; and some say, many Repugnancies. It appears evidently that no Hostility against *France* was intended in *Flanders* ; *Ergo*, say the Scepticks, why were the *Hanoverians* taken into *English* Pay, or march'd from their own Country so many Months sooner than it was intended to make any sort of Use of them ? The late learned *Detector of Faction*, gives two Reasons for this *parsimonious* Step, equally conclusive. The first, *to inure the Troops to Hardship* ; the second, *to prevent the French from sending fresh Troops into Bavaria*. But the Scepticks, not quite satisfy'd with this Solution, retort, that Troops, in a Country so beggarly and barren as the E———e, might be better inured to Hardship there than in *Flanders*, the best and plentifullest Country in *Europe* ; and that, if to succour the Queen of *Hungary* and prevent the *French* was intended, the surer and nearer Way would be to send them directly to join the *Austrian* Forces on the Banks of the *Danube*.

Much has been, and more I dare say, will be said this Winter on this important Subject ; wherefore, as I think it beneath me to fill my Paper with any thing that has been already made

made public, and as I don't think it proper to anticipate what some great Orators may say hereafter, I beg leave to let this Point remain just as I found it ; let me however, before I drop the Matter intirely, congratulate my Countrymen, on the near Prospect of the Honour intended them of becoming, the next Year, as the last, the *Pay-masters* of the Corps under the auspicious Command of my *Hero*, the *Count*. Had it not been resolved to make as *good a Bargain* in the approaching Session, as was made for us in the last, the *Hanoverians* had not undoubtedly been ordered back to their old Winter Quarters in the *Netherlands*.

How happily is the public Bark steer'd! How bless'd are we in our Statesmen, who won't suffer our Coin to grow mouldy in our Exchequer ! Rather than this shall happen, they vouchsafe to share among themselves at home that Part of it, which they don't assign for the Use of *Foreigners*. This may be a modern Virtue, but very different from that practis'd by an old-fashion'd *French* Minister, named, *John Bochart*, of whom it was said, as it might have been of his Brother Treasurer, the late Earl of *Godolphin*, *That he chose rather to enrich his Country, than his Family ;* and that the Glory of acquitting himself in his Employ, as an able and honest Minister, was all the Advantage he ever proposed. — *Ditare Galliam maluit quam Domum, nihilque inde præter muneris recte et sancte gesti gloriam referre voluit.* We have our *John* too as well as the *French*, but whether Posterity will

will be so complaisant to him as it has to Monsieur *Bochart*, is what I shan't take upon me to determine ; this however I may venture to assure him, that his Countrymen hope he will have *Justice* done to him before he dies, for his unparallel'd Conduct since the Fall of the late Minister, but more especially for his *parsimonious* Plan of the last *Campaign*.

I am thinking what a curious Sight it would be to see his Plan for the next *Campaign*. Without Doubt he has it already drawn up, it being necessary to produce a Sketch at least of it, when the *Money-Givers* sit upon public Affairs. But as I can't expect so great a Favour, what if I try'd my own Skill at *Plan-making*? The Thing perhaps is not so difficult as some People would imagine ; for if one but lay a good Foundation he may raise the Work as high as he pleases. In my Opinion then the Foundation to be laid, is to make the *Campaign* as *Expensive* as possible ; if this be done to the purpose, one may easily make it as useless, and unmeaning as the *last*. — Let me see ; suppose I add 10,000 *Danes*, 4,000 *Wolfenbutlers*, which is another Name for *H——ns*, and ease the *Dutch* of the Pay of 20,000 of their Troops, would not this, I say, added to the 16,000 *Hanoverians*, and 6,000 *Hessians* already in our Pay, be laying a pretty broad Foundation for *Expence*? The *Dane* has assembled more Troops for the Conquest of *Sweden*, than he knows how to maintain ; and sure the least Return we can make for the Honour of his Friendship and
Alliance,

Alliance, is to make him up a *Portion* for his Son, one Way or other ; and as for our Dear Friends and Allies the *States-General*, unless we can quicken their Pace with the *Golden Spur*, they may chance to march as slowly the next *Campaign*, as the last.

Upon Recollection, I believe it will be necessary to widen my Foundation of *Expence* ; and therefore will increase the Number of our national Troops on the Continent. Ten new Regiments of Foot and Two of Dragoons, may enable Ministers to gratify the Sons and Relations of Gentlemen within Doors. — Besides this, a round subsidiary Succour to the King of *Sardinia*, because he can so well defend his *Alps* ; and another to the Queen of *Hungary*, because she has no *French* upon her back on the *Danube* : These Items, I say, will so strengthen my Foundation, that no *Opposition* will be able to shake it ; considering too, that over and above all this *Expence* for the Continent, there must be a no less *Expence* for the Sea-Service, than was last Year. This Article, I think, I had better increase before I proceed ; for considering that we shall be told of having to do the next Year with *France* as well as *Spain*, 'tis but reasonable that I allow for 10,000 more Seamen, and the building 40 more light Ships of War.

If I mistake not, I have now extended my Foundation, so as to expend *ten Millions* the next Year, which is by about *three Millions* wider than that in this Year's Plan. The *Que-*
stion

tion now is, how to work so artfully upon this Foundation, as to raise the Expectation of the Public, fill our News-Papers at home and foreign Gazettes, and yet after all do just as much the next *Campaign*, as was done the last. I own myself to be but a Novice at Plan-making, this being the first I ever attempted, but having laid so hopeful a Foundation, it would be shameful not to proceed.

Dunkirk is in a fair Way of being as impregnable as ever before next Summer ; therefore may it be supposed that the Heroine of *Hungary*, to whom we shall still act in the Nature of *Auxiliaries*, will take up a great Part of the Summer in Preparation. Besides, the *Danes* won't be come up early, nor perhaps the Troops immediately in the Pay of the *Electorate* ; nor probably will the *Dutch* think it safe to venture their Cavalry into the Field, before 'tis cover'd with Forrage Knee-deep. After all these reasonable Delays, the Governor-General of the *Netherlands* may with the Harvest might be got in before the Troops do any thing else than encamp for Parade and Reviews. All this while, however, the *Pomp* of War shall go on at *Brussels* and *Lovain*, as at *Hanau* or *Worms*. There shall be Councils of War in abundance, Spies entertain'd, and Couriers dispatch'd, and all the Ostentation of a *Campaign* shall appear as much in this next, as the last.

While this Farce is acting in the *Netherlands*, Prince *Charles* may have the Honour of spending the Summer in endeavouring to push
his

his Way over the *Rhine* to *Alsace* ; and to facilitate his Passing, it may be thought proper, towards the beginning of Autumn, to begin a long March to the *Rhine*, or a nearer one to the *Moselle*, under a Pretence of Attacking and Wintering in *Lorrain*. Thus may the next Campaign be got over with much Ease and great Safety to my Count and the other Generals, unless the *French* should be Fools enough to be necessary to their acquiring Glory by another *Escape*.

I would not however recommend to my *Hero* to stake his Safety and Glory on so poor a Chance the next Campaign, as he did the last. For tho' it may be said of him for the Time past, as of *Alexander*, † *Quum plurimum virtuti debuerit, plus debuisse Fortunæ quam solus omnium Mortalium in potestate habuit* ; yet would I not have him, for the Time to come, depend so much upon *Fortune* as upon *Virtue*, which includes Wisdom, Caution, Foresight, Valour, and every other Perfection of the Mind. For tho' *Fortune*, according to *Tacitus*, be capable of all things, *Loco omnium Fortunæ* ; and in another Place, *Quibusdam fortuna pro virtutibus fuit* ; *Fortune* supplies the Place of *Virtue* with some : Tho', I say, we have the Authority of so great a Politician as the *Roman* Analyst was, that this fickle Deity might be relied upon, I should be sorry my *Hero* would trust her a second Time so implicitly, as he did at *Dettingen*. Let me rather recommend

† *Q. Curt.*

D

to

to my *Count* the Consideration of the *Roman* Poet's Description of *Fortune*, being, in my Opinion, the most natural and just. In the Judgment of *Horace*, *Fortune* takes Delight in the most tragical Affairs, and insolently acts in different Characters, bestowing her Favours and Smiles inconstantly and capriciously —

† *Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.*

Juvenal, who is commonly bitter and severe, as well as just in his Thoughts, gives an odd Description which I particularly recommend to the Reflexion of the *Count*, if, as 'tis reported, he was solely the Author of those wise Councils, which directed our Army to *Aschaffembourg*, without securing *Bread* for the Troops.

† *Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.*

Another *Roman* has pretty near the same Thought, which, when I reflect on, extorts Pity from me, for one *General* who has been punished for giving wholesome Advice, and Congratulations to another, who was not only pardoned but cherished for giving Advice, for which he deserved to be h——d.

† *Lib. 3. Od. 29.* † *Satyr. 12.*

† — *Servat*

† — *Servat multos Fortuna nocentes,
Et tantum miseris irasci Numina discunt.*

Our own Countryman, my Lord *Verulam*, has a whimsical Thought concerning *Fortune*; which, how odd soever it may appear, seems to be very just and true, as may be observed by the different Success of my *Hero*, and Marshal *Noailles* at *Dettingen*. — “*Fortune*, says my “Lord, sells that very dear to the *Impatient*, “which she freely bestows on the *Passive* and “*Patient*.” — *Fortuna multa festinanti vendit, quibus morantem donat.* — How extravagantly dear did she make the *French* pay for their *Impatience*, in attending those, who must have starved or attacked them under insuperable Disadvantages, had they patiently waited, as my fortunate *Count* did in the *Rear*, with his beloved Countrymen? Who can wonder, if after so lively an Instance of the Good-will of *Fortune* towards my *Hero*, he should pay her implicit Obedience, nay even prefer her to *Virtue*, who is too frequently naked and friendless?

Malherbe says, that *Fortune* is enamoured of Heroes and Heroick Virtues; and indeed one would be inclined to believe him, because of her continual Smiles upon my *Hero*, who certainly shines in *Heroic Gems*, much more than *Louis XIII*, the *French Poet's Hero*, “with “whom, he says, the loving Nymph would be “very angry, if he did not furnish her with

† *Luc. Lib. 3.*

“ Opportunities of giving him Proofs of her
 “ Constancy.

*Mon Roy connois ta puissance ;
 Elle est capable de tout ;
 Tes desseins n'ont pas naissance
 Q'on en voit deja le bout ;
 Et la Fortune amoureuse
 De la vertue genereuse,
 Trouve de si doux appas
 A te servir & te plaire,
 Que c'est la mettre en colere
 Que de ne l'employer pas.*

Louis XIII. was undoubtedly a meddling Prince in his Time, and furnish'd *Fortune* with more Opportunities than any of that Age ; but there are those in our Days, who outgo him a long Bow shot. Did *Louis* ever carry his Courtesy so far as to venture his sacred Person, and expend Millions, a thousand Miles from home, to conquer for a Lady ? — *Louis* had his trusty || *John* also, as well as others, but yet that *John* was not a whit more active and meddling than ours. If he waited on his Master to the Field, so has ours ; if he negotiated all over *Europe*, so does ours ; and if he did advise the Relief of the Distress'd, so has ours. — I don't know indeed, whether *Louis's* Man trembled, when he wrote from a Cottage of an Action, which he saw from a Place of Safety ; nor whether his Hand shook after the fourth Bottle. There

|| *Cardinal de Richelieu's Name was, John, Armand.*

There are, however, some Things in which these *Johns* differ widely. For instance, *Jean* || *Du Plessis* never advised his Prince to put his Subjects to the Expence of a War, by which they could not possibly, even if successful, be Gainers. He never would prevent his Prince's *Allies*, to accept of a reasonable *Peace*, for the sake of having a Pretext for keeping up *Armies*, and putting his Country to Expence. He never would involve his Country, to indulge any predominant *Passion* of his Master's; nor curry Favour at the Expence of his *Honour*, if he had often solemnly engaged it. There are numberless other Matters, in which *John* the Cardinal differ'd from *John* the C——r, which will naturally occur to every intelligent Reader, who considers that the *first* raised the Power and Influence of *France*, beyond what had been known for many Centuries before, and that the *second* goes the short and direct Road to ruin and impoverish a powerful Kingdom, to aggrandize a little foreign State.

A Man may bear any Misfortune better than *Poverty*, to which our *John* is precipitating us as fast as he can; and for my Part, tho' I am much of a *Stoic*, I am afraid I could not live upon *Fame* in this World, whatever I may do in the next.

*Ce vain Titre d'honneur que j'eus tort de poursuivre;
Ne garrantit pas de la faim :*

|| Richelieu's Surname.

Je-

*Je scay qu'apres la mort la gloire nous fait vivre ;
Mais, en ce Monde il faut du pain.*

I wish our *John* would consider how many Bellies must be empty, to fill the insatiable *Craw* of a Court-Cormerant; and how many Millions must fast to supply the Pomp and Vanity of an unmeaning *Campaign*. It would be happy for the World, if Statesmen did not commonly forget the Debt they owe to Society; and would Princes remember that they were Men themselves, and commanded over Men, one should hear and know less of expensive wasting Schemes, and unnatural and destructive Measures.——*Pliny* the Younger, who was one of those sincere Writers that believed what he wrote, says beautifully of a Prince, who, being a true *Father*, was the *Delight* of his People. “He is so much the more elevated above us, that he looks upon himself to be one of us; and remembering that he commands over Men, he the less forgets that he is a Man.” That I may not be guilty of wronging so just a Writer, or robbing the learned Reader of the Pleasure of seeing him in his native Dress, here are his own Words of the Emperor *Trajan*.——*Unum ille se ex nobis & hoc magis excellit atque eminet, quod unum ex nobis putat, nec minus hominem se, quam hominibus præesse meminit.*—But, wishing that all *scepter'd* Mortals would, like *Trajan*, act as if they remembered they were Men, we will take up the combined Army on the Banks of the *Mayn*, where we left it after

ter the Junction of the hired Forces under the immediate Command of my Hero the *Count*.

It was now about the Beginning of *June*, when it was resolved to cross the *Mayn*; but to what Intent, or for what Purpose, has not, and probably never will appear to the Satisfaction of the Public: As crossing that River was a Motion without Design, unless the shewing raw Troops the Way of walking over a Bridge built upon Pontoons, may be deem'd one, the Army was led back again with more Precipitation than was becoming the Character of the Deliverers of *Germany*. One would think that our Generals had no other View in passing the *Mayn*, but to let Monsieur *Noailles* see that they were afraid of him; for, tho' the *French* were above ten Miles from the River, our Troops were kept 16 Hours in 24 under Arms all the while they staid beyond the *Mayn*; nor is it doubted, but that the *French* were encouraged to attack us afterwards at *Dettingen* with inferior Numbers, from the unmeaning Timidity of our Conduct while we were on the *Neckar* Side of the *Mayn*.

It was our Misfortune all the last Campaign, to pass Rivers without Meaning or Design, at least any that appears tolerably reasonable; but it was otherwise in our *repassing*, as will appear by the Sequel. Did we pass the *Mayn* to secure some important Posts, we never so much as attempted to take Post any where, nor can it be supposed we designed it, having left our Artillery behind; did we pass to enlarge
our

our Quarters for the sake of Provisions, we never stirr'd from one Spot, nor sent out any strong Detachments to seize upon the *French* Magazines, or erect some of our own. But tho' our passing was without Meaning, our repassing was very significant and necessary; for M. *Noailles*, who by this Time assembled about 30,000 of his Army, as yet unform'd, was in full March to attack us; the Generals, who had forgot their Artillery, did not think it proper to wait for the Marshal, and so put the River between them; thus had our repassing a Meaning, which can't be assign'd for passing: The same may be said of passing the *Rhine* afterwards, and repassing it to go to Winter-Quarters.

It is a Doubt to this Day, who was the original Author of this undefigning passing and repassing; some will have it to be the Product of the Six-Bottle *Chief*, who wanted to see if the confederated Generals had not private Orders not to act offensively against the Armies of the Emperor or *France*; some again will impute it to the *British* Leader, who might want to see how my Hero, the *Count*, would act against the Allies of the *Head* of the Empire; for it had been doubted, whether the *H——*s in our Pay would go all the Lengths of our native Troops, in the Empire; and to this Hour, the Point has not been clear'd up to Satisfaction, for the small Share they had in the Action at *Dettingen*, whercin they acted on the Defensive only, leaves the Matter undecided. But
whether

whether the Author of so extraordinary a Motion was already in the Field, or expected there, we never heard that that unprecedented Step was made one of the Articles in the Impeachment against my Lord S—r.—It may, perhaps, be new to the Reader, to hear of an Impeachment against that *Veteran*; but many Facts are not however the less true, for not being made public; the Reader himself will be a Judge of this, when he sees the Impeachment in Form, with which I intend to present him in due Time and due Place.—But to return to the Army.

The frighten'd *Mayn* being repass'd, the Army sat down peaceably near its Banks, at *Hoechst*, 'till it was commanded from H——r to march to *Aschaffenburg*, to wait the Arrival of his Majesty, who condescended to quit the Down and Amusements of a Court, to assert the Freedom of the Empire; a glorious Motive! and worthy the King of a free Nation. How rejoiced were the Troops, how elated on the Arrival of their great Chief! Joy and Chearfulness were painted on every Brow, and every Heart glowed to give him Proof of its Duty and Affection. *Horace* touches this Thought with great Delicacy, when he says, *Augustus*, whom he conjures to return to his People; *Your Appearance is to them a new Spring; the Days are fairer, and the Heavens more clear and serene.*

* *Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.*

This Torrent of Joy, however, did not hold many Days, for *Bread*, the Staff of Life, failing, soon after his M——y's Arrival, the Soldier's forgot the *SPRING, fair Days, and Serenity of the Heavens*; and indeed every thing, to remember that they wanted to fill their empty Bellies; they could not say, or rather they could not feel the Truth of what the Poet says in the same Ode, *that whilst the Prince was in the Field, the Goddess of Plenty poured out all her Stores before them.*

Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas.

It was thought in the Army, that the excessive Transport of the Troops, on this Occasion, would induce our Generals to repass the River and seek the *French*; and the rather, that they began already to obstruct the Navigation of the *Mayn*, so as to straighten our Camp for Provisions: But whether it was intended to spin out the Season in changing Encampments only, or whether *Aschaffenburg* was a pleasanter Situation than any on the other Side of the *Mayn*, or whether the Quarters there were more spacious and commodious than any where else; whatever was the true Motive, I can't say, but the Troops were ordered to continue there, instead

stead of crossing it; seeming inclined rather to the having *Bread* put into their Mouths by Providence, than going to any Place likely to get some, or procure it by the Edge of the Sword.

'Tis hard to guess at the Design of this Motion to *Aschaffembourg*: The *French* were already Masters of the River above and below, which might be prevented, if we had made proper Use of the Advantage we had over them in point of Time. This Motion of ours, could not be to facilitate our Junction with the Prince of *Lorrain*, who was as yet so far from us as the *Danube*; besides, it is plain that was never intended; for when he might have join'd, he was not permitted, but sent to make a *new Bridge* for himself, for fear his Weight might crack all the old ones on the *Lower Rhine*; nor could that Motion, which will make so considerable a Figure in History, be with a Design to join the Corps of *Hessians* and *Hanoverians*, which were marching up to the Army; unless the *Detector* can shew that going from a Man is the Way to meet him.

But as for these same *Hessians* and *Hanoverians*, who thus lagg'd behind, I could never hear any one colourable Reason, why they were so much later at the *Mayn* than the rest of the Troops: I don't think that the former, who were in *British* Pay, wanted Waggon, or Baggage-Horses to begin their March from the *Netherlands* as soon as the other Troops; and as for the latter, who hitherto are look'd upon to be in the Pay of the Electorate, but how long they

they will continue so, *John* only knows; as for these Electoral *Hanoverians*, I say, sure they were not detain'd for the same Reason that their Countrymen had the safe Post of the *Rear* assign'd them at *Dettingen*?

The Army had not been many Days encamped at *Aschaffembourg*, before *Hunger*, with his meagre Phiz and saucer Eyes, star'd all the Troops in the Face; it was then that pungent Remorse seized upon the Hearts of misguiding Counsellors. It was said of *John* of *Richlieu*, that, tho' he had too great an Ascendant over his Master, yet he made his Master the Master of Kings.

*Il fut trop absolu sur l'esprit de Son, Maître,
Mais son Maître par luy fut le Maître des Roys.*

This was not the Case with another *John*, supposed to have dabbled out of his Sphere; for in advising the Motion to *Aschaffembourg*, instead of making his Master a K—g of K—gs, he was like to have reduced him to be that of Ghosts and Spectres only, on the Banks of the *Mayn*; and probably will reduce him to be King of *Beggars* here at home. What a Sight was our Camp in this doleful Situation! Splendid and gay, in Appearance, but mournful in Effect; or, as *Tasso* describes a Camp to have been, *fine and horrible*.

Bello in si bella vista ancoe l'horre.

All was Horror, except in the Castle, whether *Scarcity* had not as yet made her Way; but she soon crept in here also; for M. *Noailles* had so effectually obstructed all Supplies of Provision, that even the R—l Table wanted above Half its Abundance for the cherished *H——s*. Now were Councils held, where each retorted on the other the Imprudence of the March; but none was so loud in Recrimination as the real Author; much Time being spent in frivolous Debate, and no Resolution taken, the L—d *S——r* advis'd crossing the River, and bravely beating the *French* out of their Plenty; Advice becoming a gallant *British* Chief; —but vain was the Advice, and as little heeded as the Babbling of an Eccho: My Hero, the *Count*, was for Measures which to him seem'd least adventurous,; and he was heard and listen'd to like an Oracle.

I could never hear it accounted for, why it was resolved to march back to *Hanau* from *Aschaffembourg*, rather than crossing the *Mayn* and attempt beating the *French*, who could never oppose a sudden Attack with above 30,000 Men in a Body. To march back, as the Army was hem'd in between the River and unpassable Woods and Mountains, and must necessarily pass a Defile which might be defended by a very inferior Force; I say, to consider then these Difficulties, it was far less hazardous to attack the Enemy, being Masters of the Bridge of *Aschaffembourg*, than retire from them by the Way the Army must retreat. But all we can say of the

the March to, and Retreat from *Aschaffenburg*, is, that the Actions of great Men are like great Rivers, whereof few Men see the Source, but all the World sees the Course. We know that the Army was *commanded* to march from *Hoechst* to *Aschaffenburg*, but don't know why, and probably never shall; and we know the same Army was obliged to quit the Camp at this last Place for Want of Bread, but don't know why it was chosen to make a Retreat infinitely more perilous than crossing the River and attacking the Enemy.

There have been various Observations made on this *Retreat*, and as various Reports concerning it. We have already said, that there are some Things which we don't think ourselves at Liberty to relate nakedly; and there are some also, which no Dress will become so well as *Truth*: But tho' I don't care to say all I know or think on this Subject, I may however be permitted to inform the Reader of two Conjectures concerning this Matter, equally doubtful, if not altogether unlikely; the first, *That we never supposed the French would attack us, unless we acted offensively and immediately against them, which was never design'd*; and the second, *That we had a secret good Understanding with certain Commanders among the French*: On these Points, the Reader shall determine for himself—That the *French* attack'd us in our Retreat, is certain; but 'tis not quite so clear, whether it was resolved we should act offensively against *France*, either before the Affair at *Dettingen*,

tingen, or since, to the End of the Campaign: It is likewise certain, that the *French* acted at *Dettingen* as if some of their Chiefs had been secretly retain'd; but Men sometimes will be rash and imprudent, without being corrupted: Of *Imprudence*, we have many other Instances the last Summer; but I can't say that we have many of *Rashness*, except in the Case of the *Socii*, who ventured amongst the thickest Squadrons of the *French* to recover a torn *Standard*.

That Affair of a recover'd Standard has made much Noise, but seems as mysterious and little understood, as the whole Action at *Dettingen*, for which we made here at home so vast Rejoicings: We were entertain'd a long while with Encomiums on Mr. *Darough*, a brave *Irishman*, in Sir *Robert Rich's* Dragoons; he was painted on Foot and on Horse-back, and had all the Thanks of the Public for having ventur'd his Life to retrieve the Honour of his Regiment; but all on a sudden, the poor *Hibernian* is stript of all his Glories, to deck out Mr. *Brown*, a valiant *Yorkshireman*, of *Bland's* Dragoons. For my Part, if the Exploit has been done, I matter not by whom, either by a *Yorkshire* or *Irishman*; 'tis enough to please me, that the Hero was one of his M——y's Subjects, I mean, of these Nations; for, I am not as yet so *Germanized* as to be very anxious about my Brethren in the Empire; I wish them well, but they must forgive me, if I wish my Fellow-Islanders better.

But, be the gallant Dragoon either *English* or *Irish*, I hope he will be taken Notice of, and rewarded

warded according to his Merit, whilst living, by those who have it in their Power: Had the intrepid Hero been of *Hanoverian* Extraction, there would be no doubt of his rising in Preferment as well as Fame; but being of another less cherished Country, I won't answer that he will be distinguished according to his exalted Merit: However, since it is not in my Power to reward him whilst living, I will give him an Earnest of my Good-will, by endeavouring to eternize his Virtue after his Death; and tho' I borrow of St. *Gelais*, who wrote in Memory of *Francis I.* of *France*, I will be bound to say, that my renowned Dragoon is as deserving of the Epitaph as the *French* Monarch, or perhaps any other, except our own.—I will suppose then, that a magnificent Urn will be erected by the Public, either in *York* Cathedral, or *St. Patrick's* in *Dublin*, just as Mother Time shall unfold the Truth, and bestow Fame on the most deserving, to the Honour and Memory of one of these Heroes; and in this Urn, in which the Hero's Heart should be deposited, I would have the following Dialogue engraved; provided always, that the Engraver blend my own Fame with the Hero's, by inserting my Name after the Epitaph, according to laudable modern Custom.

Q. Whose Remains are deposited in this Urn?

<i>Darough</i>	}	the valiant	}	<i>English</i>
<i>A. or</i>				<i>Irish</i>
<i>Brown</i>				<i>Dragoon,</i>
				who

Dragoon, who ventured further in quest of Honour, and won more of it at *Dettingen*, than all the Commanders in the Field.

Q. Why had he not a more spacious Tomb?

Ans. Here is his Heart only.

Q. Then here is not all that gallant Man?

Ans. Here is all ; for he was all Heart.

Qui tient enclos cet Marbre que je voy ?

Le grand Francois incomparable Roy.

Comme eut tel que si court Monument ?

Deluy n'ya que le Cœur seulement.

Donc icy n'est pas tout de ce grand Vainqueur ?

Il y est Tout, car Tout il estoit Cœur.

It may be necessary to obviate the Remarks that may be made upon my erecting an *Urn*, only to this *Mirroure of Valour*. My Reason then is, that I suppose in so warlike a Reign as the present, there will be many such Actions as that of *Dettingen*, wherein the Hero may have so often Occasion to retrieve the Honour of his Corps, till at last nothing will be left of him to be brought over, but his Heart ; like Marshal *Rantzau*, in *Louis XIIIth* Days, who was so covered with Wounds, that it was said of him, that *Mars* had left him nothing intire but his Heart.

Et Mars ne luy laissa rien d'entier que le Cœur.

After many Impediments, we are at last come to the memorable *Retreat*, and more memorable *Battle*, the Wonders of which, to follow *Tasso*, the Heavens resolved to see with-

out a Veil, and therefore thrust back the cloudy Curtains which stood in the Way.

*E Senza velo
Volsè mirar l'opre grandi il Cielo.*

With *Tasso*, as with all Poets, *Fiction* often supplies the room of *Truth*; but on this Occasion, we need have Recourse only to the latter; for the important Day shone forth, in all the Beauties of the Summer, and continued so till the *French* left us Masters of the Field. But then, as if Heaven had supposed that the Glories of our Chiefs, had not deserved to see the Light, the whole wide Expanse was o'ercast at once, and continued so till we march'd off the imbrued Ground. — Still am I hurried from my Subject by these Enthusiastics, the Poets.

Necessity and Danger hourly increasing in the Camp at *Aschaffembourg*, it was at last resolved to retreat to *Hanau*, but with such Secrecy, as should secure the Army from being interrupted in the March. The *French*, however, more vigilant than we were cautious and discreet, knew of our Motions, and prepared to give us the Reception which our unadvisedness deserved. M. *Noailles*, who had made himself Master of the *Mayne* from the first, separated his Army in two, upon the first Advice of our Motions, intending to hem us in between *Aschaffembourg*, where was a Bridge which we abandon'd without breaking it down, according to military Custom, and *Dettingen*, where was a Morass and Defilee, which we must necessarily

cessarily pass, which might be defended by Twenty against One hundred thousand.

If Fame speak Truth, my Hero, the Count, deserves alone the Honour of not suffering the Bridge at *Aschaffembourg* to be broke down, in order to secure our Rear, and not sending seasonably a strong Detachment to take Post at the dangerous *Defilee* we had to pass. These are Councils the Veteran *Briton* is said to have given, before the Army broke up from *Aschaffembourg*; but before this Time, the gallant Man had lost all his Weight, and was heeded as little as the Cries of a whole Nation in some Parts of the World.

It is but just, however, that we mention the weighty Reasons assign'd for not following that great experienced Officer's Advice. — First, to break down a valuable Bridge in a neutral Country in the *Empire*, would be taken very ill of a *Member*; besides, the breaking down the Bridge would be a Warning to the *French*, that a Retreat was suddenly intended. Then as for securing the *Defilee* we were to pass thro', the Detachment to secure it, must be so large as would weaken the Body of the Army, which indeed might be apprehended by the *Count* but no Body else, because there could be no Danger between *Aschaffembourg*, and the *Defilee*. But my *Hero* did not care to be left without a full Retinue, nor that the dear *H——ns*, whom my *L—d S——r* would have sent to secure the March, should be out of his Sight, or Exposed. — The World may say, that here

are presumptive Proofs, that we depended the *French* would not offer to hurt us, unless we attempted to hurt them, which was never intended ; but be that as it may, we shall find ourselves obliged by and by to thresh them ; but as it was *se defendendo*, I can't say that the Threshing was as hearty and sound as it might have been, if the old *British* Corporal's second Advice had been taken ; but of this more hereafter.

We march'd, as *Milton* expresses it, in *sullen Silence* from *Aschaffembourg* ; and the *Count*, who took upon himself the Superintendency of all Things, directed the Order of the *Escape*. The *British* Troops led the Van, the *Austrains* followed next, and his beloved Countrymen closed the March, and made up the *Rear*, where he chose, as had been observed before, to command in Person, like a prudent Chieftain.

*And placing Ralpho in the Front,
Reserved himself to bear the Bront ;
As expert Warriors use. —————*

The Army march'd in this Order from *Aschaffembourg* early the 27-16 of *June*, and the *British* Troops in the Front reach'd *Dettingen* by Noon, when about 20,000 *French* had already taken Post, were Masters of the Defilee, which *L—d S—r* would have had secured the Day before, and had a *Morrafs* before them, which obstructed our Charging them with any Hopes of Success. A melancholy Situation ! for an Army in want of every Necessary of
Life.

Life, to be hem'd in by Mountains and impenetrable Forests of one Side, a deep River on the other, exposed in the Rear, by not breaking down the Bridge behind them, or leaving a sufficient Body to guard it, and shut up in the Front by a Defilee and Morrafs, defended by 20,000 Men, which were to be supported by as many more.

'Tis far more easy to imagine than express the Anxiety of some of our *Chiefs* ; the *Count* especially, bit his pale Lips, gnash'd his loosen'd Teeth, kick'd his *Beaver*, and cursed his hard Fate, that had pushed him to the Acquisition of military Fame, in the wean of his Days. But the *British* Subjects were inspired with fresh Courage at the Approach of Danger. They had *Cressy* and *Agencourt*, *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, *Oudenard* and *Mons*, and all the Victories obtained by their Ancestors over the same Nation that now opposed them, full in View. The Nations, they said, were still the same, and unless the Want of an experienced *Marlborough*, they saw no Reason for doubting to overcome the *French* now, as their Forefathers had done formerly. Virtuous and glorious Emulation ! *When you first attack the Enemy*, said the brave *S—r*, as *Tacitus* tells us of our Countryman *Galgacus*, who thus harangued his Army against the *Romans*, before a Battle, *Think of your Ancestors and your Posterity. — Ituri in Aciem, & Majores & Posterios cogitate.*

A *French* Poet has beautifully expressed this Thought, in describing the Resolution of a Body
of

of *Grecians*, rais'd by *Louis Xth*, (call'd *Saint*) in his Expedition to the *Holy Land*; the Application is so apt and natural, that the Reader will easily excuse the Insertion.

*De ces peres fameux les Noms, & la Memoire
Qui combattent encore, & regnent dans l'Histoire
Leur inspire un air de Gloire, & de Valeur,
Leur remettent Athene & Sparte dans les Cœur,
Et pour mot a Marcher, per leur rangs & leurs
files,
Ou n'entend resonner qu' Arbelle & Thermopiles.*

'Tis a Doubt whether the valiant *Britons* could succeed, had they attempted to force the Defilee, as they must or starve, because it is but too true, that they would not be supported by the Troops in the *Rear*, who were too dear to be exposed to evident Danger. But the Rashness of the Duke *de Grammont*, who commanded the *French*, that took Post at the Village of *Dettingen*, prevented the Disasters that must attend our attacking first. That Nobleman, mistaking his Orders and perhaps our Numbers, or rather hurried on by the natural Impetuosity and Levity of his Nation, ordered his Troops to pass the Defilee and Morrafs to attack us, by that Means quitting his own Advantages, and giving us all we could desire. But the Attack was so uncommonly brisk and vigorous, that it put us all into Confusion, insomuch that if the *French* were more in Numbers, and that their Foot had seconded the extraordinary Valour of their Horse, there would be no standing before them.

them. Never was that Description drawn by *Florus* of the *Gauls*, better verified than in this Instance, when, to give the *French* their Due, *they did more than Men at their first Onset*; but though I won't say of them, with the *Roman* Historian, *that they acted afterwards less valiantly than Women*, I cannot but say, that they did not behave as well as might be expected of Soldiers and Men of Honour.

Sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorum est; ita sequens minor quam fœminarum.

It was in endeavouring to repel the *French*, in their first vigorous Onset, that the gallant *Clayton* fell, whose Loss cannot enough be lamented by a Nation who seems to be at the Eve of a general War, and that has but few of her brave Veterans remaining.—Poor *Clayton*! who, during Life could not have been more, nor after Death been less, according to the *Spanish* Phrase;

*Vivo non pudo ser Mas :
Muerto no pudo ser Menos.*

I wish I could truly add, in the Words of *Tully*, in Memory of that brave Officer, and all those other brave Countrymen who fell that Day; *Happy that Death, which being a Tribute due to Nature, was offered as a Sacrifice for the Welfare of their Country.*—O *Fortunata Mors, quæ Naturæ debita, pro Patria est potissimum red-dita.* But alas! how properly toever this might be said of the *Hanoverians*, how can it be apply'd to *Britons*, who fell not in the *British*, but *Hanoverian* Cause.

But

But we have the less Reason to lament the Loss of so many of our virtuous Fellow-Subjects, since the precious Life of our august Monarch has been preserved, amidst all the Horrors of the Battle. *Addison* says, that the Gods take Care of the Lives of great Men, when he makes the *Hero* of his Poem say, *The Gods take Care of Cato*; and *Strada*, *That it is not a vain Observation, that Gods takes Care of Princes Lives.*—*Adeo non ex vano observandum curæ esse Deo principum vitam*; this may be true, but what the Author adds is not always so; *quasi non magis cordi in homine quam Imperatori in Exercitu, novissimum mori datum est.* For it does not always happen, that Commanders in Chief die last in the Army, as the Heart does in the Body: If they gallantly expose themselves to Danger, they are as subject to Death as private Men; for Instance, the brave *Gustavus Adolphus*, *Turenne*, and our gallant Countryman, the late Duke of *Berwick*.—But let me say with *Pliny*, of a Subject so abundantly above my Ability, as his M——y's Valour on that perilous Day;—*Since Flattery has been so long since exhausted, by the different Ways of praising Princes, we have none left to celebrate such exalted Courage, but by keeping Silence.*—*Cum jam pridem novitas adulatione consumpta, sit non alius erga te novus honor superest, quam si aliquando de te tacere audeamus.*

But what I dare not attempt, the *Laureat*, or some other legitimated Son of the Muses will; for, as I hinted before, Poets have a Privilege we
Histo-

Historians have not. The Muses then, shall supply my Inability ; but whether Posterity will believe or no, is their Business more than Mine.

*Les Muses a l'Envie, travaillant pour la gloire
De G——e le plus grand des Rois,
Orneront de son nom le Temple de Memoire :
Mais ! la Grandeur de ses Exploits,
Que l'Esprit humain ne peut croire,
Fera que la Posterite
Lisant une si belle Histoire,
Douterá de la verite.*

As my Difficulty would be equal in attempting the Praise of the S---n, as it was in attempting that of the F---r, I will let the greatest of the *Latin* Poets do it for me,

Ante annos animumque gerens, curamque virilem.

But our royal young Hero has the Advantage of the Son of the *Trojan* Chief, by the additional Honour of being wounded in the *Calf* ; — had it been in the *Heel*, how harmoniously might the Chimes be rung out of the great Parent of the warbling Generation.

So often as the Poets have inveigled me from my principal Subject, I might grow wiser ; but, like Beauty, which (according to our *English Homer*) *draws with a single Hair*, they convey me from myself imperceptibly ; if this had not been the Case, would I have quitted the Battle before we drove the Enemy out of the Field, from which, indeed, our brave Countrymen were not permitted to pursue them ; because, I suppose, it was judged unnecessary by some Body,

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that

that the Troops should take Breath, and repose themselves under the Shades of their own Laurels.

Braves, reposez-vous a l'Ombre des Lauriers,
Le grand G——e consent que vous preniez halein.

To follow the glorious Blow, to push the Advantages of the Day, was vehemently urg'd by L——d S——r, and all the *British* Officers, and was ardently desired by all the *British* Troops; but my Hero, the Count, who ever had the Concurrence of the *British Janus* to whatever he proposed, being of Opinion with Tully, that Men in nothing came so near the Gods, as in preserving the Lives of Men. *Homines ad Deos nulla re-proprie accedunt, quam salute hominibus danda.* He, I say, to raise his M——r to a Deity, or to preserve the cherish'd H——s, damp'd the noble Ardor of the Troops, and saved the *French*, that had passed the Mayn, from utter Destruction.

They who envy my Hero for the Honour of ingrossing the r——l Ear, account for his Passiveness in not pushing the Victory at *Dettingen* in another Manner; a Manner not very consistent with the Character of Courage and Resolution, of which he is known to be uncommonly jealous. But be that as it will, a precipitate Retreat from a Field of Battle we were in Possession of, proves no more an heroic Resolution, than the leaving our *Wounded* at the Mercy of the *French*, proves a Man to be one of *Cicero's* Gods, for giving Life to his Fellow-Creatures.

Had *Cæsar* quitted the *Pharsalian* Field, before he buried the Dead, and taken that Care of his

his *Wounded* which common Humanity dictates, the *Roman* Orator had never complimented him in the following Manner, * *Nihil habet nec Fortuna tua majus quam ut possis; nec Natura tua mellius quam ut vellis conservare quam plurimos.*—But the great *Julius* was naturally as compassionate as he was fortunate.

From *Dettingen* to *Hanau*, our Army made so precipitate and silent a March, that it looked more like the fleet *Escape* of a Hare frighten'd by the Noise of Hound and Horn, than the Retreat of victorious Troops.—I could forgive my Hero, the *Count*, all his precedent Advices, tho' attended with evident Disadvantages; but to advise stealing away from a Field we had won, and leaving our Dead unburied, and our *Wounded* at the Mercy of the Enemy; such infamous Advice, I say, an *Englishman* can never forgive, because it reflects Dishonour upon his Country, in the Opinion of uninformed Foreigners. Was it known, what is but too true, that *Britons* had no Share but in the Toil and Hazard of the *Campaign*; that they had no Influence in Council, and were consulted but for Form-sake; was, I say, the whole Truth known to the World, I should be under no Dread, for the Honour of my Country; but till the Public be better inform'd, I can't help being in Pain.

The Pusillanimity of our Conduct, after an Action in which our Countrymen behaved so well, was attended with another bad Consequence, besides the Loss of national Honour;

* *Orat. pro Ligario.*

which was, that it not only inspired the *French* with fresh Courage all the rest of the Campaign, but with a despicable Opinion of our military Skill, and even Valour; not distinguishing, that the Conduct was wholly owing to *H———n* Caution and *C———ce*.

But 'tis time to shift the unpleasing Scene; we will change it for one more inviting. Being now flown to *Hanau*, we shall find nothing of Horror or Danger all the remaining Part of the *triumphant Campaign*, except in passing the *Rhine*, of which Notice shall be taken presently.—Here my *Hero*, like *Germanius*, had Leisure to hear by Night the Praises bestowed upon him by the Troops—*fruiturque fama sui*.

Our *Panick*, if any we had been seized with at *Dettingen*, we endeavoured to wear off at *Hanau*, by indulging all the Waste and Pomp of War. Balls, and sumptuous Feasts, Rejoicings and Reviews, seem'd the only End of *British* Expence and Toil. Thus, in Plenty, Ease and Riot, pass'd the better Part of the Season for Action; and had not the Prince of *Lorrain's* Presence quicken'd our Resolves, 'tis thought we should end the Campaign where it begun, on the Banks of the *Mayn*: But when that active young Warrior was arrived, all was Life and Motion; the future Operations of the Campaign were settled, *Alsace* and *Lorrain* were already conquered as fast as we could march; and the famous *Mentzel* promised *L—d C——t* to drink as good *Champaign* as his, in a Fort-night, on the very Spot it grew.

*La Victoire coute trop,
 Quand il faut un peu L'Attendre :
 G——e, ainſy qu' Alexandre,
 Prend les pais en Galop.*

So much was expected, ſuch Rapidity of Conqueſt was promiſed, that Foreigners have ſaid of the glorious Hero of the Field,

*Il prendra en un jour la Lorraine,
 La Champaigne en une ſemaine,
 La Bourgogne en un mois Malgre le Caſtillan.
 Que ne prendra-t-il en un an ?*

But after all our Hopes and Wiſhes, after all the mighty Things and rapid Conqueſts we were promiſed by two victorious Armies, no leſs in Number than 200,000, the *French* remain with their Provinces, and we are glad to march back 200 Miles in a bad Season, to ſeek for Winter Quarters. Our Succeſs at the Beginning of the Campaign, and Conduct afterwards, ſeem to verify what *Cicero* ſays, *That Fortune is not only blind herſelf, but ſhe blinds thoſe for the moſt Part whom ſhe embraces.*—*Non ſolum ipſa Fortuna cæca eſt ; ſed eos etiam plerumque cæcos quos complexa eſt.*—But whether Prince *Charles* was blinded by *Fortune*, or over-persuaded to take the moſt hazardous Road to Conqueſt, I can't ſay ; but 'tis certain, that if he had followed the Dictates of common Senſe, and marched down, and over the *Rhine*, where there was no Obſtruction, inſtead of marching up that River, where he was ſure to meet Oppoſition, there is a ſtrong Probability that the Campaign would have ended more gloriouſly for himſelf, and leſs ſhamefully for others.—Poor Prince
Charles !

Charles! pitied by all the World for being forced to sacrifice his own Good-Sense to the Caprice or *Panick* of my Hero, the Count, who had the Direction of the Plan.—To hasten over the *Rhine*, I will quit this ungrateful Part of my Subject, with this single Observation, made on one of my *Heroe's* Countrymen some Ages ago; *That this Heart* (if he did not leave it behind him in a Fright at *Dettingen*) *was sounder than his Brain.*

So soon as Prince *Charles* had paid, as it was expected from him, the first Honours to the *H——ns*, and was permitted, after long Intreaty, to review the ragged *British* Troops in the Camp at *Hanau*, he parted for his Army; and ours moved to cross the *Rhine*. This River, which had given so much Trouble to the *Cæsars* in passing, and to many other renowned Heroes since their Days, was a Rivulet only in the Way of my *Heroe*, to Glory and Conquest.

** Vincere dum properas, sese simul Omnia subdunt;
Qui mora Cæsaribus sic tibi Rhenus iter.*

We pass'd that formidable River with great Safety and Tranquility, not far from *Mentz*; and, as if the Campaign had been designed more for Parade and Repose than Action, we moved along in *solemn State*, being entertain'd at every Town and Convent we pass'd by, with the Compliments of sleek Friars and learned *Burghers*, in the pompous *German* Tongue. At one of those Places, *Worms* I think it was, the Harangue was so particularly elevated and just, that I doubt not but the Reader will be pleased with a Pattern of it: I am sorry I can't give it him in the Original, because our Printers have no Types of

of the *Teutonic*; but he shall have the Thought in a smother Languag. After near two Hours had been spent in Panegyrick, the Author, in the Close, tells the *Hero*, *That the Destinies attend upon him, and that his Thoughts are the Fate of Nations.*

Son Destin delle genti moi pensieri.

Da lui pendono i fati.

The Panegyrist went on, saying, *That he can thunder with the Glory of his Name; and that his Resolutions are more effectual in War, than the Armies of other Princes.*—I expect a learned Dissertation, by the *Detector*, on the Beauties of these sublime Thoughts:

Egli sa fulminar solo col tuono

Pieu vince il suo voler che l'altrui guerra.

What Wonder is it, that *Chiefs* thus incensed in their March, would not go Post thro' a Country, which they might wish to enrich at the Expence of another less complaisant? So it happen'd; for from *Mentz*, near which we pass'd the *Rhine*, to *Spire*, where we took Leave of all Action and Design, we were full two Months in marching; and yet, if we had made the same Haste, as was commanded us to make from *Dettingen* to *Hanau*, we might have reach'd *Spire* from *Mentz* in three Days; but Dispatch, it seems, was not our Business, nor probably our Design; for until there was Advice that the *French* had abandon'd their Lines at the little River *Quiéch*, it was scarce perceivable that we moved at all; but upon that Intelligence, immediate Orders were given to march, but with

as great Caution and Method, as if to attack an Enemy that stood their Ground. The Commanders were out with the Van, to view from the Heights on the Road, the Country around, for fear of an Ambuscade; and my *Hero* himself saw thro' his faithful Glass, from every Church-Steeple in the Way, that there was ample Security for himself and his Countrymen.

The *French* have, in a great Measure, taught *Europe* the Art of War; and we, in particular, are no less obliged to them than our Neighbours. Even in this Instance of quitting these Lines, I doubt not but they intended us a Favour; for, one or two excepted, I believe there was not a Man in the whole Army that had ever seen a Line, or knew exactly what it meant. The Reader will be pleased to observe, that Lord *S—r* was gone from the Army some Days before it reached the River *Quiech*.
 ——— The *French*, I say, designed us a Favour in abandoning their Lines on the *Quiech*; and we were as civil in not paying them a Visit in their second Lines on the *Lauter*. Once indeed, it was thought we would take a View of these second Lines, which we were told M. *Noailles* had abandon'd as well as the first; but upon hearing that he was return'd to them, my *Hero* was too well-bred to give him any Disturbance; and thus at the River *Quiech*, without so much as attempting to view, or send to fetch some of the Fruits of the *Promised Land*, in order to inspire the Troops with a Desire of Conquest, our Chiefs thought fit to
 make

make the last Halt, and put an End to the Campaign.

My Province being to relate rather than criticise, it won't be expected that I should account politically for any Misconduct of my *Hero's*, during this famous Campaign. This Task I leave to an abler Pen, the *Detector's*, he might think it an Invasion of his Rights, should I attempt to defend or brighten the Characters of his Patrons ; therefore to avoid being branded in the Forehead, with the Word CAMPAIGN, instead of DETTINGEN, which he intends for the *Jacobite* Members of the present *Opposition*, I chuse to take Leave of the Courteous Reader here ; wishing the aforesaid ingenious Author of a Book, *which it seems all the Courtiers are ashamed to own*, would inform the Public, what *England* has got by the late Campaign, what the Queen of *Hungary* has got by it, what *France* has lost by it, what Glory or what *Infamy* has been acquired by it ; whether, by the Plan of Operation settled at *Hanau*, we were to march speedily, and penetrate into *Alsace*, in order to facilitate Prince *Charles's* passing the *Rhine*, or whether he was to pass first, and beat the *French*, in order to facilitate our penetrating into the Enemy's Country ; and whether our Conduct during the whole Campaign, does not manifest that the Interest of *H——r*, and not that of the Queen of *Hungary*, was solely in View, in pretending to make Conquest upon *France*?

I almost forgot, that I had somewhere in this Work, promised an Extract of the Impeachment

peachment brought against a noble *British* Lord in the Field, upon which, if he was not legally Tried, we are assured he was Convicted.

Extract of the ARTICLES of IMPEACHMENT, brought against the Veldt Marshal the Count of S—R, by the whole Corps of H—ns in British Pay. Dated at Oppenheim the 22d August, 1743.

I. **T**HAT the said Count, not having the fear of our common M—r before his Eyes, had in all Instances, and on all Occasions, shewed more Affection for *Britain* than *H—r*; and somewhat more Regard for his own Countrymen than for Foreigners.

II. That he assumed an Authority over us, as if his Country was not honour'd by our condescending to receive her Pay.

III. That he often attempted we should earn our Pay, and particularly at *Dettingen*, where he endeavour'd to draw us from the Rear to the Front.

IV. That he was for putting an End to the War, by pushing vigorously into *Alsace* and *Lorrain*, before the *French* could prepare to defend themselves.

V. That the better to execute this Plan, he was against Prince *Charles's* marching up the *Rhine*; but vehemently wished he would be permitted to pass that wide, rapid River, where there was a Certainty of his not being opposed.

VI. That, in such Councils of War as we thought proper to admit him to preserve Appearances,

pearances, he assumed an Air of Superiority, speaking his Mind freely and boldly, without paying that courteous Deference to the Officers of our Corps, which was their due, and most respectfully paid to them on all Occasions, by his Countryman, the S——y.

VII. That he often snuffed up his Nose, at the laudable *Partiality* of our common M——r, in favour of his own dear Countrymen.

VIII. That he was not of a Mould to bear all the Sights and Indignities put upon his Countrymen ; and that sooner than stoop to all Servilites, and condescend to be a Cypher, or Nose of Wax in the Field, he desired to lay down his Command.

IX. That, being desired to take Time to consider of his Request, he boldly answered, it was beneath one of his Rank and Experience, to remain a Moment in the Field without Power, or even a Possibility of serving his Country, when it was determined not to attempt a Siege, or risk a Battle, or face an Enemy,

There were some other Articles, but as they relate chiefly to the personal Merit, and private Character of *One* whom I don't care to mention, I chuse to end the Impeachment here, leaving the Reader, in his own Heart, to Con-vict or Acquit the Noble Delinquent.

As all great and heroic public Actions, should be perpetuated, as well in order to be an Incentive to Posterity, as to do Honour to the virtuous Actors, I would recommend the
striking

striking a Medal in Honour of the late ** glorious Campaign, of which the following may be the Design. On one Side a *Village* in a distant View ; and in the Plane, a *Horse* with two small *Bladders*, beating against his Buttocks and running from a maim'd *Cock* standing the other Side of a River. — On the other Side of the Medal, a chain'd and muzzled *Lion* tearing up the Earth with his Paws, and a shell'd *Snail* or *Tortoise*, creeping towards a Grove of *Lawrel*. If I find that the Court *Historiographer*, does not receive Orders to write proper *Mottos* for the *Medal*, I shall furnish two myself, *in tempore opportuno*; but as, in the mean Time, it may puzzle some of my Readers to know why I fix *Bladders* to the Rump of the escaping *Horse*, I beg leave to inform them, that the Hint is taken from a Practice at *Bologna* in *Italy* ; where on a certain Day of the Year, there are Horse-Races exhibited to the People in one of their principal Streets, but after a Manner very different from that practis'd here in *England*. There, the Horses start without Riders, and are spurr'd on not so much by Emulation as by *Fear*, imparted to them by two small *Bladders* stuck with Pins, which being made fast upon the Back, fall down by a small Cord, and beat against the Buttocks. These little fear-imparting Instruments, are call'd by the *Virtuosi* there, *Vesiculae timoris*.

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